

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the Barke that hath dischargd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fife and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines alieue and dead:
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Heere *Göthes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkind, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giuevs the proudest prisoner of the *Göthes*.
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeard,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus.

of *Titus*

Titus. I giue him you, the
The eldest sonne of this dist

Tamo. Stay Romaine bre
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tea
A mothers teares in passion f
And if thy sonnes were euer
Oh thinke my sonne to be as
Sufficeth not that we are bro
To beautifie thy triumphs, a
Captiue to thee, and to thy R
But must my sonnes be slaugh
For valiant dooings in theyr
O if to fight for King and co
Were pietie in thine, it is in th
Andronicus, staine not thy tom
Wilt thou draw neere the nat
Draw neere them then in bein
Sweet mercy is Nobilities tru
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my f

Titus. Patient your selfe M
These are theyr brethren, wh
Alieue and dead, and for theyr
Religiously they aske a sacrific
To this your sonne is markt, a
T'appease their groning shad
Lucius. Away with him, an
And with our swords vpon a
Lets hew his limbs till they be

Exit Titus sonne

Tamora. O cruell irreligio

Chiron. Was euer Sythia h

Demet. Oppose not Sythia

Alarbus goes to rest and we su
To tremble vnder *Titus* threat